THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house!"

3 *Henry VI.*, *Act* 1, *Scene* 1.

LETTER V.

OF LOBBYWOMEN.

Do you know anything about women? If so, you have the advantage of me, and had, perhaps, better write this chapter yourself, for I don't. Of course, you understand, I know a woman when I *see* her; but, so far as regards comprehending her character and the inward workings of her mind, I know no more of that wonderful and mysterious being than a Camanche does about Sanscrit dialects or a Member of Congress about patriotism. Did you ever convince one? I will bet two copies of VANITY FAIR against the last President's Message (the fearful odds shows how confident I am), that when you had cemented uncontradicted facts and unimpeachable logic into the distasteful conclusion, she blew down your card house with a toss of the head and a little exclamation of "Oh! I dare say it's all very true; but I don't agree with you!" [No takers.] Does anybody understand a woman, except women? Do *they?* Here is an angelic, gentle looking, altogether loveable creature, and *presto!* allow me to introduce Miss BORGIA: be careful how you flirt with her, my boy, unless you have a stomach-pump handy. There is that plain, practical looking woman yonder, and presently the great human heart, weeping for Scutari, thrills with the name of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. That slender girl there doesn't look much as if she would stand being fried, does she? Looks as if she'd turn sick at the sight of blood and faint outright at a naked sword? My friend, that is JOAN OF ARC. You see, my dear Miss or Madam, I am not a professed misogynist, after all: I don't hate your whole sex because one of the best of you made a fool of herself by declining to become Mrs. MOTLEY WARE; and if I don't understand your hidden littlenesses much, I frankly confess that I comprehend your secret greatnesses far less. I love you very much ladies, but you frighten me sometimes; you do, indeed.

All this has nothing to do with the subject, you say? Ah! But it has though. For how else than by showing them the utter incomprehensibility of the sex, can I induce my rural readers and admirers (pardon the tautology) to believe in the existence of that greatest of all female contradictions, the Lobbywoman? She is a *brevet man*. Her whole life is devoted, like that of some politicians in a certain little State—say Ireland, that is at an inoffensive distance—to a repeal of her organic act. I sincerely believe she would adopt the unmentionable peculiarities of the male costume (indeed she does sometimes, in affairs matrimonial, but that, I am given to understand, is a feat not strictly confined to the trade), if the business could not be conducted so much better in petwell, then! in skirts.

For instance, I remember there was, in my day, that miserable Mrs. DOLER, of the weeping widow school. Who would have listened to her absurd demands, if presented by a person capable of appreciating the depth of meaning conveyed by an extended boot—especially when occupied by its excited proprietor? And yet I tell you that wretched bill of hers was *snivelled* through, at last: I voted for it myself, as I would have voted for a mosquito's, if that beastly little buzzer had had half the Widow DOLER's pertinacity. Day after day, she used to come with the same greasy papers, and the same seedy, weedy, dusty, fusty garments, and the same pitiful amount of sobbing, and the same stifled blowing of the nose to relieve her anguish, and the same SNIVELLING (nothing but the very largest type will suffice to express my feelings), until my whole life was pervaded with a nervous dread of her. In the nightmare line, she was worse even than pork; oh! infinitely than Welsh rabbit (I insist upon spelling it in that way though I know it's wrong). I got, at last, to entertain the same feelings towards her that MACBETH may be supposed to have held respecting the late BANQUO's impolite intrusion; I felt at her approach much as the same gentleman did when his servants imparted to him the agreeable news that Birnam Wood was coming round the corner. Ah! what a relief it was when she got that pension! Preserve me from the weeping widow; oh! save me from the snivellers.

Quite another style of Lobbywoman, and equally beloved, is—or rather was, for I suppose she must be dead now, and am unwilling to suspect nature of repeating the experiment—the invincible Miss MACKHAGG; scrawny, skimp, hard-featured, harsh-voiced (odds! cymbals and saw-filings, how harsh!), old and ugly as the superannuated umbrella with which she illustrated her remarks, only not so baggy; but still invincible; veteran, and inveterate. Never came down coon more readily at sight of the late Captain SCOTT, than we poor, unhappy representatives of the dear people used to for the MACKHAGG, after our first bitter experience of her. She *would* see us; she *would* present the inevitable greasy papers; she would like to know how long this was agoan to last, she would. That was what *she* would like to know. She would like to know whether pore lone women was agoan to be kep out of their rights by sich as we. What was we HIRED for (violent and sardonic umbrella illustrations), she would like to know. Not to sit there in the House doen nothen but foolen away the people's time, let alone every now and then maken a speech—as if anybody wanted to hear our old speeches, or read them, what's more. Was we agoan to give her her rights? That was all she asked, and little enough, goodness knows. Or did we mean to let it alone? That was all *she* wanted to know. Was we goan to do it to-morrow? Well, then, the next day? Yes, and see it was the next day, too, or we'd find she wasn't one of the kind that puts up with trifles; she could tell us that. Yow, wow! Yap, Yap, Yap! That and very much more to the same amiable and pleasing purport, she could and did tell us; until we came at length to seek refuge in immediate and unconditional surrender. I don't wonder that SOCRATES took to his henbane cocktails so kindly, when I remember XANTIPPE waiting for him at home.

But these estimable ladies are the negative poles of the great Lobby battery, they attract by repulsion. Equally effective and far more agreeable is the positive pole, of which my friend MRS. JOBLEY (whose name was a little Miss-printed the other day—ha! ha! elegant "goak" on the word Female compositor) is a highly attractive specimen. If you have read these papers carefully, as, of course, everybody has done, you know my opinion about Mrs. J.; that she is a dear, charming woman. Everybody who knows her thinks her a dear, charming woman; everybody, that is, except her own sex, who are "down on her," to use an entirely new expression, "like a thousand of brick." Why is it that none of the women can bear her, and yet all the men like her so? For my part, I don't see how anybody can help liking her. She has such pleasant ways about her and always makes it a point to say something agreeable. You wouldn't take her for a young woman, and yet she certainly don't look like an old one. How am I to settle that interesting point, her age? I can't say "she was a woman grown when I first learnt to read and must be at least 84;" I am unable to assert that her "FANNY was a great big girl, going to dancing school, before I was married, and I don't think she can be under 70;" nor can I declare that "all I know is she was SALLY JONES's bridesmaid and everybody remarked how young she was, and SALLY was married the year that bonnets with double illusion scallops and *rose de chine* longway puffs first came in fashion, and oh my dear I *know* she can't be a day over 35 at the outside," etcetera, etcetera. Alas! All these ingenious little computative devices in which her own sex are wont to indulge, with what wonderful and sometimes startling results we all know, are denied to me. I can only say that she is a little worn, but not at all faded. The bloom hasn't gone from her cheeks, but a line or two has come, she doesn't "gush" as she used to do when I first knew her, having latterly abandoned that department to her daughter FANNY, in whose hands it does not suffer. Mrs. JOBLEY is a widow; one of that large and respectable class, who although the term is generally supposed to infer a matrimonial connection at some prior date, never seem to suggest or even admit the idea of a tangible, actually existing husband. There is the widow, and there is the stern fact of FANNY, and yet I solemnly declare to you that the idea of a real, live, male, pater-familias JOBLEY has never, until this moment, entered my brain. I incline to the opinion that he must have lived as a matter of form, and surprised by his death, a world that had suspected rather than realized his existence. Nobody knows whether he left her anything beyond her widowhood and FANNY, but, inasmuch as he certainly had nothing else to leave, it seems, to say the least, improbable, and yet she lives in a fine house and in the best style. Happy is the man who is in her good graces, for good dinners are his share. She is what they call in the English language a clever, and in the American a smart woman. She reads everything from *Homeri Opera* to VANITY FAIR, and I dare say will read this and not recognize herself. She is a managing woman, they say, and fortunate is the owner of the pie in which she has so much as a little finger. She is on the best of terms with JOBSBY, and swears by him as the best of men. I believe General BANGLES would marry her tomorrow if Mrs. B. were not, and it wouldn't deprive him of such a nice place to spend his evenings. GORMANDY is loud in his praises of her wit and her dinners. JACK KIDDARS was FANNY'S right-hand man, and looked upon Mrs. J., so he said, as a mother, though I will do JACK the credit of adding that he was far too sensible a person to have carried the idea into practice even if Captain EPLETTS were not still in a high state of Old Rye, somewhere within the peaceful limits of Texas. Governor LOBB is devoted, and thinks her a monstrous fine woman. Her magic in-

fluence with all sorts and conditions of useful men is truly wonderful; they wilt before her, and it is a singular thing that each of the wilters is sure to think himself the one aim and object of her existence, and much enjoy, from that pleasing stand-point, the silly pretensions of his rivals. I cannot say that her hair it is of golden hue; I do not assert that what she says it is, is not true; but the remainder of Mr. LONGFELLOW's remark—

"Beware! Beware!
Trust her not;
She is fooling thee!"

I am happy to be able to endorse as expressing my sentiments with a correctness truly wonderful when you consider the difference in our styles.

Malicious people do say that those pleasant little dinners of hers are paid for by some railway company or other; that her dresses, which I would dearly like to describe but can't—witness my miserable failure in the matter of the bonnets, just now—are the proceeds of swamp lands; that FANNY's pin money comes from the pickings of a mail contract: but then, you know, it's so easy to say such things. And after all who minds them? You remember what I told you about that little affair of the Gracchus Harbor Bill; don't you? That was a pretty good thing, and any woman might well be proud of it.

I'm not so intimate at the widow's as I used to be when I had such a powerful influence with Mr. TYLER, but I still drop in occasionally in a quiet way. I dropped in the other evening, a little late for tea; a beverage for which I, in common with other great men, (need I mention the late Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON?) ch'rish a strong weakness after a very pleasant half-hour or so of social chat on the topics of the day, and several cups (I shan't tell you how many) of the cheering draught which is said to soothe but not inebriate. I was about to depart, when Mrs. JOBLEY besought me, in her blandest manner, to "do go up into the library" and partake of a cigar and a *chasse* of the cup which combines the two processes just mentioned: the cigars were genuine *principes*, made for the Prince himself, and the aforesaid cup of the very best, she said, and would take no refusal. I do like a quiet weed, and in the moderation of wise men, am rather partial to the cup, and, moreover, I never could resist the widow; so I gave no refusal, but march up. Do you know it is a very remarkable thing, but there sat old BANGLES over *his* weed and *his* cup! Gracious goodness! I thought (and, if I had been a popular farce, would have added "Goodness Gracious!"); she couldn't have sent me up her just to show him, could she? I am afraid she could, though. I don't admire the General particularly; his grammar is appalling; but he grins at my oldest jokes—it is delightful to be on joking terms with a Senator—and I like him for doing it; so we had a pleasant cigar together. But I couldn't help wondering how the poor Prince (I did wonder *what one, too*, but was much too sharp to confess my ignorance) came to be done out of his pipes, and whether she really did want just to show me the General, after all.

MORE PAP FOR GOVERNMENT BABIES.

In good old Government Times,
When we were under J. B.,
Three Roguish Scamps fell out, on their tramps,
Because they couldn't see—see—!

The first he was a Traitor—
The second likewise, only greater:
The third thought to plunder
The Union asunder,
Three Scamps for our special wonder.

Scamp COBB he "acknowledged the corn;"
Scamp FLOYD—fled—flay'd—flaw'd forlorn,
While a well-scent shot
From that old coon SCOTT,
Brought THOMPSON with a P. to a squat.

A Domestic View of the Question.

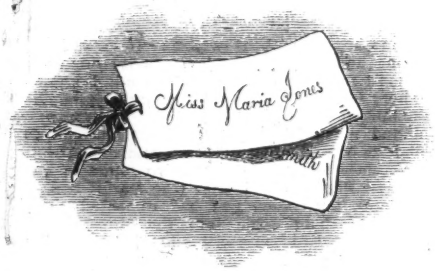
The confederate States of the South doubtless consider themselves well rid of a President at Washington; for accustomed as they are to having their household economies regulated by colored dependents, the maintenance of a White House Keeper must have been galling to them in the extreme. The Florida Keys would never have been a safe in the hands of such a person.

A Rarey Avis.

Peacock, the horse.

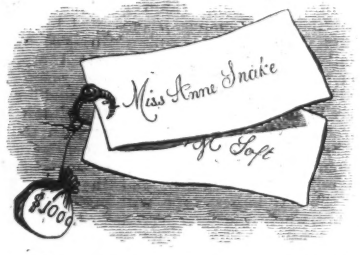
CARDIAC AFFFCTIONS.

The Silken T which binds two Willing Hearts. Not twilling, observe—though that also is possible within the limits of feminine fancy work.



The silken Tie, if you please, is really that which connects wedding cards. Sometimes in the antique or Gothic manner set forth in the cut, and sometimes gracefully and orientally surrounding the mighty envelope enclosing the stupendous pasteboard. It looks very delicate and very bride-y and orange blossom-y and cake-y and wine-y, does that slender satin tie. Very. It's nice to get married. S'swp!

But in this great Vanity Fair of a wicked world, my dears, the silken tie is too often a symbol for something else. Those last cards on our table! *Silk*—'sho! "Wethinks we see" a patent fish-hook—sly penetrating and barbed—doing duty *there*. No silk—only blue, insinuating steel. Hooked in. How the poor fish will flap when jerked out of the element of single blessedness into double misery.



And those other cards. Silk—oh no—gold should hold them together. 'Tis the only link, Madame, between the human originals, and it should be reflected in a corresponding manner in this symbolic bond of union.

We might have added divers others—but space forbade the picture. There was SAM DANCER, who fell in love with KATE, and all for her pretty weeny feet. A shoe-string—she wears Balmorals—should have linked their cards.

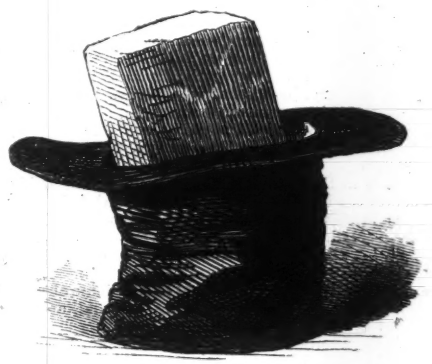
And CLARA BELLEMAIN, who was wooed and won for her perfect No. 5½ hand. Glove tirettes would have been just the thing there.

And DORA ACKER married for her law-suit and her lands—Red Tape, of course.

And black lasting and machine, and grocery twine, and each and all kinds of ligaments, fibres, strings, threads, thongs, and filaments might be used—and all be appropriate to somebody.

But thou, oh VIOLET, whom I learned to adore for thy fawn-eyes and doe-like graceful gestures, and chamois *pose* of the head! Would that I dared to suggest strips of deer—leather. Let us meditate!

SCHNURBART.



OUR FASHION PLATE.

SPRING STYLE.

POSTHUMOUS PATRIOTISM.

To serve one's country, or a section of one's country, with one's whole life . . . to battle even to the death, for fireside and family, for church and state . . . to devote one's existence to the demands or needs of the Fatherland . . . these are considered chivalrous and laurel-worthy acts of patriotism, be they performed by Northerners, Southerners, Hoosiers, Jerseymen, or Gorillas.

But there is a higher, loftier act of devotion . . . a bigger thing on patriotism . . . than these, even.

One may (in South Carolina) serve his country after death!

The *Herald*, that truthful and scrupulous journal! contained recently among other Foreign Correspondence, a letter from Charleston, Republic of South Carolina. That letter contained among other extraordinary statements . . . all of which we would "rather believe than hunt proof" . . . the following:

"The writer is a volunteer, and has three sons with their rifles on their backs. A distinguished citizen and ex-judge has five noble boys in the field. Four brothers, one of whom met his death by accident lately, are side by side in the ranks. These are but few examples."

So we should imagine. Especially the one who, after having "met his death by accident," still remains in the ranks scorning to allow so slight an excuse to keep him away when his (half of the) country calls! What is death, that it should prevent a fellow from seizing decayed forts and ancient vessels? Why should a simple "accident" subvert the patriotic determination of a youthful cockade-wearer? We heartily greet the gentleman who has thus heroically conquered the hitherto all-conqueror. If each of South Carolina's soldiers possesses the same contempt for mortuary hindrances, what an army she will have, eh? "Killing" will be "no murder" indeed, and an annihilation will have no effect whatever upon the gallant youths who will doubtless persist in remaining "side by side, in the ranks," despite all the accidents of shot, shell, sabre, rifle and bayonet.

In a word, if patriotism of a sectional nature, is so excellent a salve, so potent a cure for the accidental deaths that flesh is heir to, we mean to go in for patriotism too; and we earnestly commend the attention of the Life Insurance Companies to the case above cited.

Dust to dust.

Mr. CLAY, the Senator from Alabama, in announcing his retirement from the Senate concluded his valedictory, which was more than an average, specimen of the bombast which passes in Buncombe for oratory, with the following sentence: "I withdraw from this body, intending to return to the bosom of my mother." Does Mr. CLAY mean that he is about to return to the bosom of his mother earth? If that is so, and the gentleman's name as well as his words would seem to justify that consolatory belief, the country may well rejoice that secession has already produced such happy results. If Mr. CLAY will only induce his fellow blusterers to accompany him in his maternal retirement, VANITY FAIR hereby promises to erect a monument to his memory with the following inscription—

This Earth consists of wretched plotter's, CLAY,
And others waiting for the judgment day.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

Vanity Fair.

MISTER:—Me and SPINKY is into the literatoor line. We sells papers, me and SPINKY does, and we earns our little vittles as honest as anybody. We wants our recreations, me and SPINKY does, arter our day's labers is over, an' natrally we go to that Temple of the Musses, the Bowery Theater, particly as we lives into Chatham street. But for a spell, afore the Seeseeders kindly cum to our rescue (my eye! Perhaps us news boys don't want 'em to keep it up!) papers didn't sell much, and me and SPINKY was forced, by sircumstances over which we didn't hav no immejit control (as the big buffers say) to quit on the Bowery, and go it on the cheap. But one evenin, since the times got flush, I sez to SPINKY, as we wos sittin in a free concert seller, "SPINKY, this here's low," and to giv emphasis to the remark I shied a donut at Old SWOTTLES the comic singer, who was on at the time. "Same here," sez SPINKY, and the next night we visited the Bowery. Payin our little shillins *like a man*, we went into the pit with the other fellers. Mister, me and SPINKY went into that there theater as we'd gone and bin into it in former times, as Amerycan citizens and not as slaves. Does men willinly pay shillins to put theirselves into Bondige? So seein One Eyed Beans (who is into literatoor same as me and SPINKY) up in the galry, and wonderin where he got the money to put on so much stile, I gently hollered to him thus: "BEANSY—say, BEANSY, how'd you git in?" "Roped a guy," he softly showtid, whareupon I anserd back, "Bully boy with the glass eye!" (us newsboys hav a pecooler way of interchangin compliments as well as other folks has.) Well, while I was standin up on my seat lookin up tords BEANSY, SPINKY ceased me by the coattales and pulled me wilently down, observin that the orkestry fellers was comin out o' their hole. SPINKY giv me one of his penny whistles (you know he is on the whistle) and hollers to the leader, "Say Dutchy, jerk suthin lively, now!" when a man with a Rat Ann cane cum up and hit me and SPINKY over the hed with it, and sed he'd put us out if we didn't shut up. "Yer will, will ye," says me and SPINKY. "Is your parents livin?" We didn't think he'd put us out, but we found he would. Me and SPINKY, who has done so much to sustain the dramy in the Bowery, was actooally shuvd out of that there theater by a low usher, hired to quell us boys with a Rat Ann cane! Is me and SPINKY to be trifeld with thus, *Say!* What sigerfies the Bowery if Amerycan citizens can't injoy theirselves into the Pit?

No wonder there is Sesession an' things a goin on when Amerycan citizens liberty is trifeld with in this here way. The Boon of Liberty is a humbug. There *ain't* no Boon of Liberty no wheres—leastways if there 'ar, she has left the Bowery, and a tyronical Die Nasty rains there in her stid. When us boys in the pit can't holler and hav our little recreations, then indeed is the dramy onto the decline. Me and SPINKY will not submit to this outrage. The other fellers may, but me and SPINKY won't.

Jo TOTTERS, News Boy.

His Peace.

POLITICAL MOTHER-GOOSERIES.

TELEGRAPHIC FROM BOSTON.

Rub-a-dub-dub,
There's news from the Hub,
And who do you think is there?
There's PHILLIPS, the raver; FAY, Union-saver,
With ANDREWS, and also the Mayor.

A NURSERY RHYME, NEWLY SET.

Hickory JACKSON'S dead!
The rebels are going ahead!
Hang up but one,
The others will run;
Hickory JACKSON'S dead!

WISE-DOM JUSTIFIED BY HER CHILDREN.

There was a man in Richmond Town,
His name was H. A. WISE.
He howled for Union, till he lost
All favor in men's eyes.
And when he found all favor gone,
With all his might and main
He howled Secession, hoping thus
To get it back again.

SECESSION CHILDREN'S SONG.

Treason, Rebellion and Insult grows,
If we keep on will come to blows,
You, nor I, nor nobody knows
Why Treason, Rebellion and Insult grows.

THE PROFESSOR OF THE TEA-TABL

AN TY OF
VA ITIES.—
W tea kill
yo I am in-
du l to ask
yo in a sin-
gu manner,
fo n the
pl l, I am
co inced
tha Teas will
bo e death
of . Hav-
ing tely had
the satisfac-
tion of prov
ing o a large
audi ce, tha
yo uld kill
a at ten
fe ith cof-
fe a shot
gu I shall
no proceed
to w that
yo n beta
by der olish r
hur a being
in ries of
Te Fights,
beginning by re dering him insane, and winding u by taking away his reputa n.

"Professor," sa I Miss DOOLITTLE to me on entering th awing-room, "you ha come just at the right moment to s tle a disputed point. W at is a woman's proper sphere?"

Thus suddenly called on, I answered, bowing gallantly to Miss SAYMUCH who was seated behind a smoking tea-urn, "The sphere over which she pr sides with grace is that of Tea-Things." To my astonishment the lady questioner frowned, the lady complimented blushed, and a red-cheeked girl of sixteen hiding her face in her handkerchief shook with convulsed laughter. What I had said? Fortunately the servant at this moment brought me a cup of tea, and recollecting CICERO's advice *Nulla Te-Meritas sed oro* (you don't deserve any tea, but go ahead?) I bowed to Miss DOOLITTLE, and asked her if MINERVA was not the goddess of te Sage tea? Miss SAYMUCH answered for her, that she had always understood that tea was unknown to the ancients, and that therefore she really pitied them.

"Tea," said I, smiling betimely, must have been known to the Romans? its botanical name *Thea* points directly to the Latin *Theatrum*, (observe our Theatre) as a place devoted to tea drinking, proved by CICERO who says: '*Te-ipse pluris feci in Theatrum*,' Tipsy, (overcome with tea!) I have done many things in the Theatre.

That the Greeks knew all about tea we have it in proof that they went so far as to call THEA a goddess, whereas the Romans with less gallantry considered it a *Te-deus* piece of business.

"How many kinds of Tea do you think there are" asked I, smiling at the pretty girl of sixteen.

"You ask me those hard questions to tease," said she.

"Right! Two Teas, but good Fortune, an Englishman, has shown that both black and green teas can be made from the same plant."

"But professor, do tell, does tea make a body thin," asked Miss SAYMUCH.

"On the contrary, I am of the opinion that the waste——"

"Sir!" said Miss DOOLITTLE.

"That the waste of the human economy is prevented by the use of tea. It adds much to the celerity of the lingual muscles, and its fumes ascending to the brain cause a corresponding increased action of the censorious view." Being fairly aroused, I was about to quote the Emperor KHIAM-LOUNG's Tea Poem, and had, in fact, commenced and was reciting,

> Take an old three-legged pot,
> Put it o'er a slow fire,
> Then fill up with snow
> And let it perspire.
>
> In a *Yue* cup of china,
> Put in your fine tea,
> Pour on your hot water,
> Then TCHAO—TCHEOU you'll see!—

when I was interrupted by the ladies.

"Oh now, Professor, don't!" So I at once subsided into a spectator.

"And oh did you see those GREENE girls this morning?" Lingual muscles excited! "What bonnets, what shawls, and they say one is engaged; so ugly and old! How do you know she's engaged? So was told. To be married next month. And why not to-morrow? The man must be crazy, he'll soon die of sorrow."

Fortunately, at this moment the unmarried clergyman, tea and talk proof, arrived and under the excitement of the moment I escaped from the house and from the first symptoms of Tea destruction—Insanity.

As it was early in the evening I called on my Austrian friend the German Professor, who was seated in his bachelorhood and dressing gown, before a large wood fire; smoking Havanas, and reading the Destination of Man. Said I to him—what *is* his destination? "Ubiquity!" answered the Austrian, and ringing a small bell he ordered the servant to bring in tea.

I was about to decline, when my friend raising some abstruse question in metaphysics I forgot everything external, and was only interrupted by the servant, who brought in a very small tea urn, but a very large bottle of brandy, several lemons, and a sugar bowl. "You see," said the Austrian, waving his hand over the tea-tools; "I am accustomed to Croatian Tea, from a long residence among those dear cut-throats; and I think you will find it very palatable. You put it in the sugar, thus! here he held open the sugar tongs, and let the lumps fall in; you pour on a few drops of tea—thus! You take a slice of lemon and put it in, thus! You pour in brandy, thus! And to conclude you pour on hot tea, so! Now my dear friend bibe!"

We both imbibed. We smoked Havanas We poured out, and drank more Croatian Tea. We had the tea-urn re-filled, but the brandy held out remarkably well. More tea. Ye tea deities watch over me, for this night I feel that in this fight, I shall indeed lose my reputation for a strong head, and perchance prove that a human being in Tea fights, may be first driven nearly crazy, and conclude by losing a reputation for sobriety.

Farewell! Let this your motto be:

"NOT THAT I CAN'T, BUT WILL NOT COME TO TEA!"

P. P. C.

In these days people are learning facts at a great rate, and among these facts are the political and moral values of divers and sundry politicians. Such as P. P. C.

VANITY FAIR, like other respectable papers, limits itself to law and propriety. Therefore VANITY cannot in the wild manner of the two central dailies, give rumors for facts. And consequently VANITY FAIR in speaking of P. P. C. limits itself to Mere Report. For instance: *On dit* that P. P. C. is "Poor PHIL CLAYTON."

On dit that P. P. C. has been known in Washington, and among the business men of New York, as the "Cerberus of the treasury;" *on dit* much more of the poodle. He has *on dit* played the part of jackal to COBB's lion. He is *on dit* directly responsible for the seizure of the Revenue Cutter in Charleston harbor, being the head of the Revenue Cutter service, and *on dit* he goes out of office, entering DIX, with a dispute with the Comptroller, who refuses to sign a warrant for a fraudulent claim amounting to $60,000! "Like master, like Man!" *Adieu!* quoth VANITY FAIR!

> *Pour Prendre congé*, in French we say,
> When parting, our friends we wait on;
> But, *anglicé*, in our funny way,
> Mean only POOR P. CLAYTON.
>
> Bless them! they've gone, both man and master, whose sins we dilate on:
> The faithless watch-dog, the snarling "fice"
> Companion whelps, whom men despise:—
> HOWELL COBB and his long-eared assistant Secretary CLAYTON.

One of a Hundred.

Why is BARNUM like a Century Plant? Because whenever he blows, everybody rushes to see a great curiosity.

The Head of the Virginia Rebellion.

PATE.

A Minister of War.

An Army Chaplain.

Rather "Bad to Take."

Fort Sumter.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER V.

For the last three chapters we have been in a basement in Bleecker Street! I confess it with shame and confusion of face. At the rate we are getting on, this biography of a highly respectable private family will outlast the annals of the public Government, and our young friends who began it with so much cheerfulness about the time of their debut in society will sleep with their fathers before they get to the middle of the first third, previously, however, assembling their grandchildren around them to leave valedictory directions about erecting a house for the preservation of the back numbers, and injunctions to see Mr. Primpenny through if it takes ten more generations. The fact is that the grandeur of the theme originally stretched itself into Infinity before the biographer's mind, and in attempting to daguerreotype this impression upon the pages of VANITY FAIR, he forgot that two per week of those pleasant surfaces were an inadequate number for the purpose. To be sure, there is not a doubt in the mind of any sensible man that VANITY FAIR will be eternal—it is an equally established fact that the beloved proprietors thereof are extremely obliging—fact the third is a permanent intention on the part of this biographer to contribute thereto from his modest repertory, but the question whether a permanent contributor be also an eternal and infinite contributor is one which the courts have yet to settle. At any rate—(I mean at the rate we have been going) some of us will be called off by other engagements before Mr. Primpenny comes to a conclusion at the commencement of the 22d century, A.D.

We must therefore be concise hereafter. This porpoise of a biographer who has been accustomed heretofore to flounder hugely through the mighty sheets of the daily and the monthly, must henceforth condense his bulk into that delicate animalcule which can disport itself in a drop of VANITY'S exquisitely pungent and aromatic vinegar.

We left Mr. Primpenny holding the tender hand of Miss Ann Eliza McCrowder. What happened directly after that he has never been able to recollect with anything approaching mathematical accuracy. He knows that he awoke beneath the paternal roof at eleven o'clock of the next morning. That he perceived the remarkable sensation of a piece of hoop-iron nicely secured around his forehead. That he dressed himself, put his hand into the pocket of his paletot to get a handkerchief, and brought with that a curl of soft brown hair. That he rushed to the glass and found a decidedly uneven place among the locks on his own right temple. That an indistinct apparition of scissors—the sound of a kiss—and the odor of spiced Jamaica, blended all at once before his confused memory. That he came finally to the distinct conclusion that he had gone and done it.

He had scarcely completed his toilette when the waiter knocked at his door and told him that a person was below insisting on an interview with him.

"Any body you've ever seen before, George?" asked Mr. Primpenny.

"No sir."

"Haven't the least idea who he is, hey?"

"'E's Hirish, that's hall I know, sir."

"Show him up."

The next moment Teague entered. He had shed the dirty canvass cocoon in which Stuyvesant last saw him, and was out in the complete butterfly—the Irishman of fair and holiday occasions, glorious in a scarf of plaided red and green, waistcoat of the same colors appropriately varied a shade or two from the scarf, yellow corduroys, a mulberry coat of the time and size of Brian Boru, and a pair of immense brogans, blacked to such a degree that Stuyvesant felt a return of vertigo in looking at their vast shiny surface. Teague had evidently been getting himself up for inspection, and the modest way in which he carried his antique beaver before him was so deprecatory of all unkind criticism, that Stuyvesant, in spite of himself, immediately felt prepossessed in his favor.

"Well, Teague—how did you get away from Mrs. McCrowder at this hour of the morning?" began Mr. Primpenny.

"It was like pullin' tathe," replied Teague, "I'd have brought the dare craychure along with me, sir, but she was too busy to come out for an airin'. A gintleman couldn't compel her, you know sir."

"But what did *you* come for?"

"The lady axed me, Misther Primpenny. I niver refuse the swate ladies, God bliss 'em!"

"Oh! An errand from Mrs. McCrowder!" said Stuyvesant, trying not to appear startled as he thought of the curl.

"Well, not that jist. It's an errand from meself I came on. It's a bizness I've just tuk up fur a thrial, this runnin' on errands for meself, and it's aisy, so it is, and ye has yer time to yerself an' gets lave the whole o' Sundays, an' it's nate althegither, barrin' that it doesn't pay well."

"You don't mean to say you've lost your place?"

"No sir—it isn't lost—it's right where it was in Blaker-strate, but there's another bye in it. An' two byes is one too many for a single bed. (bad look to the wasteful scoundhrel that thrashed the sthraw and didn't get the swate lumps o' whate out o' it!) so, ses I to meself, it's a hint *that!* An' I always was delicate about takin' hints."

"The long and short of it is that Mrs. McCrowder's dispensed with you?"

"That's the short o' it, Misther Primpenny. On me faith it was mighty short too. Divil a bit longer than it tuk me to put me things in a clane pocket-handkerchief. And the long of it is that if ye'll only spake the word I'll serve ye till the day o' me death, chaper, an' better than any bye in me own line o' bizness that ye'll find in the city of New York!"

Stuyvesant lit a pipe and walked the length of his room with his hands in his pockets. Returning, he faced Teague, who still stood wearing an inviting smile on his countenance, and asked him why he had quarrelled with Mrs. McCrowder. Wasn't she a good, generous mistress?

"Ginerous? So she was!" replied Teague. "She'd divide her last crust with the poor—and ate the croomb by herself. An' as to quarrelin' with the lady—it's a thing I couldn't do an' keep me own self-respact. But she said I talked too much. Tare an ages! Wasn't she angry when she heard that I'd been spakin' aboot the gintleman's back board-bill before the like o' yes last night? But it was ordhers—an' suppose I'd carried up the claret without askin'? As to talkin', I always was an orathor. When I wint to the praste's school in Killmedaddy, didn't Father Murphy tell me I ought to inter the church? So he did! At tin months I talked as well as I do now, and seein' I larned it so young I niver forgot it."

"Can you black boots, Teague?" said Mr. Primpenny.

"Look at me own!" replied Mr. Ryan, proudly advancing one of the brogans.

"And brush hats?"

"So I can! Me own bayver's not a pattern be any means, for I'm lift-handed, and whin I put the bristles to it the nap goes the wrong way before I know it. But whin I take a thrue gentleman's into me fist, like yer honor's, the brush makes a nathral turn in the right direction."

"And how about coats?"

"Whin ye find a spack o' lint on yer broadcloth, call Teague Ryan a beggar!"

"Did you ever take care of horses?"

"Horses is it? An' perhaps I niver tinded the darlints? An' wasn't it meself that was sint away from the Bishop o'Clonmel's for givin' his favorite racer sich a shiny coat that the saddle wouldn't stay on him, an' his Riverence wint tumblin' down among the dogs by the dyke at Whishywillagh? Horses? Wasn't it me father had the best sate in all Ireland, an' me thray sicond brothers nixt to meself that lost him his property by the expinse o' kapin' whole backs to their throusers? The swate craychures! Don't I remimber how I was cryin' one day at the age o' eighteen months, an' me mother handed me a potato to stop me mouth, an' I crawled away to the stables to give it to a big black hoonter that the groom had chated o' his oats? *That's* what I was cryin' for! An' me mother said I should jine the dhragoons, an' me father broke his neck in a ditch while he was savin' money to buy me a commission? Horses, is it? Faith an' I don't know whether I'd like to take care o' yer honor's. The bayste has such a natheral affiction for me that whin I've been kind to him a bit, he mightn't let onybody else dhrive him."

Before Mr. Primpenny could speak, a servant knocked again, bringing a letter. Mr. Primpenny opened it, and read the following contents.

PRIMPENNY & SAVEALL, No. —— Greenwich-street, New-York.
Coal-scuttles, { Country orders promptly attended to. Liberal discounts given to the trade.

STUYVESANT PRIMPENNY, ESQ.

MY SON:—

As per agreement have concluded contract for house to be occupied by you. Abominable habit of wasting early morn'g hours in bed prevented conference with you on subject before. (Vide Watts—excellent rem'ks to the point

("Voice of Sluggard, heard him complain.") Edifice situated a No. — 34th S Freestone front, all modern improvements, English basement three stories a attic, furnished by family who will let reasonable, on acc't of going abr You will now be beyond the healthful restraints of home roo Cellar cont five baskets green seal Madeira—8 do. same brand champagne. Remember virtue is the foundation of solid happiness. You may send your butcher's b to undersigned. Go and look at the premises to-day. If yo ever experie compunctions for unfilial conduct, return and the reception o prodigal shall yours. Am informed that gas is all right. If the carpets do not suit, can a ply new ones. Visit frequently the parents who love you. Allowance goes on before and will be paid semi-monthly by applying to y'r

Afflicted Father,

ISAIAH PRIMPENNY.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

Coal-scuttles of every pattern for hotel and household use el brated exha feed and back-action manufactured by this firm alone.

P.S. I had forgotten to say that your mother wishes you to wear woo stockings and send them home to be darned. I. P.

A tear stole down from the inner angle of Stuyvesant's left e as he read the missive indited on one of Primpenny & Co.'s bu ness sheets, and enclosed in the envelope of the fi m. But naturally enough reflected that his father, like his father's u brella, was so far behind the age that only the extreme tip of chronological coat-tail was visible to him, and thus he made allo ances for the dear old Governor. What was wealth if not the st

stratum of luxury? He would honor the creator of his being keeping the finest bachelor establishment in the city of Ne York! And to those who knew what was what—a knowledge o the nature of the interrogative pronoun only acquired throug long acquaintance with fashionable society—would not this di play of elegance be a far nobler advertisement, for the patern name, than any connection of his own initials with the tedi and obscure business of coal-scuttle manufacture? Of course!

But Teague was still standing as another kind of interrogati pronoun, without any answer in the remotest degree relative.

"I will take you, Teague," said he. "You may come alon with me now, and help to put my house in order. What do yo say to twelve dollars a month?"

"Let her spake to me," replied Teague, "an' I'll be doomb f smilin'! Say to *twilve dollars a month*, is it? Perhaps the beaut won't be afther oondersthandin' me though, for I niver talked the like o' her before. An' isn't there ony knives I kin clane fu ye dhiractly?"

"Never mind the knives, Teague," said Mr. Primpenny "You'll have enough to do in that way when I give my oyste parties. I'll take my breakfast now. You may wait on me and I'll give you instructions. After that we'll go over to my house in 34th St., and you may help me in getting it ready for my recep tion."

Thus Teague Ryan completed his invaluable connection with the Primpenny Family.

It happened to Isaiah Primpenny that the same afternoon, not far from four o'clock, he had business in Park Row. This being finished it struck him that he might as well return home on foot through the Bowery. That old promenade had been a fashionable one in his early years—the day was fine, and what was the use of taking the cars? They were always such close stuffed-up affairs, and exercise was so necessary to a middle-aged gentleman, that he eventually concluded to walk.

Near the corner of Houston-street he was startled by the apparition of a face familiar to him. Could that red, round face, so different from his pale, thin and wrinkled visage, those pepper and salt locks at least fifteen shades darker than his own scanty hair, be the evidences of Reuben Kineboy? Yes—it must be! He had not seen Reuben since they separated at the threshold of life, himself to leave the Yankee village school for an apprenticeship in the New York hardware business, and his next neighbor on the spelling bench to take employment with a farmer in Vermont. Isaiah Primpenny had changed. There was the stoop—there were the wrinkles—there the glasses bought of Pike. Without knowing it, he had slightly altered the fashion of his clothes also. Not that he *meant to*—but the tailors have a sly way of making things fashionable, even for weasel-eyed old gentlemen, before they know it, of bagging the pantaloons which ought to be narrow, and giving an artistic lappel to the waistcoat which was once straight-breasted.

But Reuben Kineboy had not altered a particle! When I say that, I expect the license of the poet to be granted me. The poet knows nothing of *time*, d'ye see? Time, merely in his toughening, grizzling, and corrugating tendencies. If a man has been worked hard, or vicious, or a great sufferer—then the poet knows it, and sees the difference between him and a cloudless young lad. But other changes the poet knows nothing of, and when there's the same expression of goodness, and truth, and unworldly simplicity on a man's face that marked him when he sat on the district school benches, then the poet remembers him as the same everlasting old youth, and just as Isaiah Primpenny did, says to him,

"Bless my soul! How are you? How *do you do*, Reuben Kineboy!"

"Who are you, any-heow?" replied Mr. Kineboy.

"Don't you know *me? Isaiah Primpenny?*" replied the coal-scuttle dealer.

"*Isaiah Primpenny?*" Honest naow? *Air* ou Isaiah?"

"To be sure I am! Don't you know me? I'd have known you any where!"

"Wal! Isaiah—I was jist a comin' down Broadway to see ye. Broadway's a mighty purty street. That's the City Hall up yonder—isn't it?"

"What? Oh! Yes—the Cooper Institute! This isn't Broadway, you know—this is the Bowery."

"Now raly! Ain't yew mistaken? A man told me this was Broadway. I put up at the Everett House last night. He's from New England, Everett is, and he writ the papers in the *Ledger*. I thought I'd stop at his haouse, becase I like the papers. We read 'em on Saturday nights to hum, and there isn't a time when I read them papers that I daon't feel the country's safe enough to go to sleep in. So I asked for the Everett jist the first moment I came tew town. I had toast and biled eggs for breakfast—to be sure the eggs isn't quite as fresh as I'd like—and then I put straight for your store. Arter breakfast I kept straight daown town from the eatin' house, 'cause they said that went down Broadway. Well, 'Saiah, how d'ye do?"

"I want you to come right up to my house!" said the father of the Primpennys. "I'll talk to you there. I don't know a man I'd rather see, just this minute, than you. Send for your baggage to the Everett House, and spend the rest of your time in New York with me."

So Mr. Primpenny thrust his arm through that of Mr. Kineboy's, and began walking up the Bowery with him. It was at first difficult to persuade him that this street was not Broadway. Mr. Kineboy, though exceedingly fond of the aquisition of new knowledge, was a man exceedingly tenacious of his opinions, and he had become so thoroughly convinced that the magnificent thoroughfare on which he traveled from the Everett House was really the principal street of the metropolis, that it required elaborate argument on the senior Mr. Primpenny's part to persuade him that it was not Broadway but the Bowery.

The two old schoolmates of forty years ago reached the yellow building dedicated to Washington's filial biographer on Union Square, and the baggage of Mr. Kineboy was sent to Mr. Primpenny's residence on the Avenue.

The senior Mr. Primpenny then hailed a stage passing up the

Hurry Up.

SILENUS says that if the Secessionists are going to break into the U. S. Treasury, they must hurry up, for after the Fourth of March they won't have any Jimmy to help 'em.

Mortuary.

X. says that there are so many Laws now that are merely Dead Letters, one can hardly tell the difference between a Law Office and a Dead Letter Office!

By an Outsider.

What are the premium articles in VANITY FAIR?

Those which are given as A. WARD'S, to be sure.

Congress Water.

The "tears" that the *Herald* says "were shed when the Secession Congressmen bade farewell to the Senate."

By our Handsome Contributor.

What the late Governor of South Carolina feels since the forced loan—An AIKEN VOID.

The Very Slowest Yet.

Why is our Future like a Drunken Teamster? Because it Teems with difficulty!

CENTRAL PARK.

RATHER AN IDEA FOR STOUT, ELDERLY PARTIES WHO WISH TO ENJOY THE SKATING AT CENTRAL PARK, BUT WHO ARE A LITTLE UNCERTAIN ON THEIR LEGS.

true Broadway, Mr. Kineboy remarking at the time that he'd have taken the same thing down street before, only he thought it was a yaller soda-water or cigar wagon, and in fifteen minutes more they were in front of that architecturally magnificent residence which had been purchased by half a century of carefully regulated coal-scuttles.

"Now come in," said Mr. Primpenny, pulling the strap, "and I'll introduce you to Jerusha, the old lady, that is to say Mrs. Primpenny."

He had wandered back to the old school days when a wife was called by her christian name. In a moment he fled through all his after years, and at least became the gentleman he now was!

And with a feeling of exhilaration he had not known since he sat on the bench beside that chubby-cheeked fellow who wore the white country overcoat, a little larger than had fitted him in those days, and felt his hands tingle for the snow-ball which would fill it at recess. Isaiah Primpenny went up the front steps to his sonless house of freestone.

At this same moment Stuyvesant, with Teague, was examining the separate bachelor establishment in 34th Street.

(To be Continued.)

BELLA HINKLEY.

VANITY FAIR is grimly opposed to puffery. Especially of Pretty Women. And of *Prime Donne*. It being well known that such dames are generally very sufficiently Blown about so as to require no extra puffing.

But having been defied to find a rhyme for the new Assoluta, and never "taking a stump," VANITY FAIR after duly listening to her nightingalings has produced the following. After reading which all small rhymesters to such easy words as "Silver," "Mouth" and "Porringer" are respectfully requested to retire.

Who comes here with star-step twink'ly?
Shrinking, trembling, BELLA HINKLEY!
Comes with cheeks that blush so pink'ly?
Rosy, roguish BELLA HINKLEY!—
Comes with hair done up so krink'ly?
Graceful, tasteful BELLA HINKLEY!
Thrills and trills and frills so prink'ly?
Lively, laughing, lovely HINKLEY?
Showered with smiles and rose-leaves sprink'ly?
Pretty Prima Donna HINKLEY!
Here embalmed with pen and ink'ly?
Who but ISABELLA HINKLEY!

HAEC FABULA DOCET.

I.

A slender vine on an old oak hung,
And clasped its scaly rind;
From trunk to top its pennons flung,
And laughed to scorn, the wind.

II.

And men who passed the way along,
Admired, and oft would speak,
Of the kindly law that gave the strong
To aid and shield the weak.

III.

Indeed it was as fair a sight,
As any in the land—
To see the puny parasite,
Upborne by tree so grand.

IV.

One day the vine in anger said,
"My tendrils I'll untie—
Alone, aloft I'll rear my head,
And leave the oak to die."

V.

The winds were out; and strong they grew,
And hustled through the air;
They whistled and blew, the old oak through,
And laid its branches bare.

VI.

The tempest ceased; its rage was o'er;
The sunbeams gaily shine;
The sturdy oak stood as before—
Low lay the lifeless vine.

Con: for Modistes.

Why is a dress-skirt of the latest style, like the boiled bass at dinner?

Because it is Set On in Wide Plaits!

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

BRICBAT, Jan. 8th, 1861.

RIEND VANITY: I have not written you for a long time, owing to a severe attack of the tooth-ache. *N'importe;* it is something we are all liable to.

Said CAVOUR to me, the other day—"what will you and GARIBALDI do in the Spring?"

"March upon Rome, with twenty million of men, and reduce the city, the walls, and people, to impalpable powder!"

"Bully for you!" said CAVOUR.

. . . In point of fact, that is our intention. With the aid of my faithful GARIBALDI, I intend to make Italy a visit. Under the supreme control of VICTOR EMANUEL I shall be the power behind the throne. Not a bad idea, eh?

They talk about Disaffection among the Italians here. Nonsense! there is nothing but Affection. They say the unification of Italy is played Out. Nonsense! it is soon to be Worked Up.

. . . Wait. You shall see. The Ides of March will show whether the Italians are or are not patriots to the death; and whether they have or have not a MCARONE to lead them.

For myself, I think they have.

. . . I took a run down to Caprera, the other day. GARIBALDI was hoeing in a peanut-patch with the same easy grace and dignified hauteur that he displays at the head of an army.

"My dear MAC!" cried he.

"My dear JOE!" cried I.

We wept in each other's arms some minutes.

I told him that his hoe, which he still held, hurt the back of my neck. He relinquished his embrace, and gathered a handful of peanuts.

"Eat," said the Dictator; "they are poor things, but mine own!"

There, on that barren and lonely isle, with the eternal heavens above me, the eternal waters slashing at my feet, and the man who helped me to liberate Italy by my side, ate the simple fruits of the soil.

. . . How vividly the mysterious past came back to me! My happy boyhood's hours! I saw, through the haze of memory, the copious stage and awful pit of the Old Bowery. The crackling of peanut-shells, the noise of the policeman's rattan, the whistlings, cat-calls, and shouts of the b'hoys resounded in my ears. The ambiguous perfume of the East-Side populace, more stalwart than cleanly, saluted my nostrils. My brain whirled; the air grew dark . . .

"H'ist that rag!" I cried aloud.

"What?" asked the Dictator, astonished.

I returned to consciousness. It was awkward. I could not explain satisfactorily . . .

"I desire, simply," said I, "that the flag of Italy shall be hoisted here, during my visit."

A moment afterward, the banner of United Italy was flung proudly to the breeze from the end of GARIBALDI's barn.

"Let me go to the house," said the Dictator; "I am dry."

. . . The Dictator mixes excellent juleps.

Returning to Bricbat, I learned that FRANCIS II. has still some friends in the mountains, and at Galivanti, near Picannini, they had raised the Bourbon flag.

I don't like the way in which FRANCIS II. has looked at me, when we have met, of late. Though partially crippled by my many severe injuries received on the battle-field, I shall take no nonsense from him, and if he doesn't look out, he will get a bat in the eye.

Next week, I am going up to Galivanti, to put down the Bourbonist demonstrations there. I understood that there are some irregular troops encamped in the place, but I fancy that with a few of my favorite Zouaves, I can rout them completely.

I told CAVOUR of my intentions . . .

"I will penetrate their mountain fastness," I said, "and scatter them to the four winds!"

"Look out you don't become dissipated;" he replied.

"How, dissipated?"

"O, you are not accustomed to their Fastness up there!" said he.

I reproved him for his levity, and he promised to joke no more on such subjects.

Next time I write, you shall hear the particulars of my expedition to Galivanti.

Viva la Liberta!

MCARONE.

"SNAIX."

Our English half and half brothers are becoming interested in our politics, and *Once a Week* informs its readers that in his early youth, Uncle ABE LINCOLN—

"Went to work to hew hickory and gum trees, to grapple with remonstrating bears, and to look out for the too frequent rattlesnake."

And the old work is still before him. The country expects you, oh ABRAHAM, to hew another Old Hickory tree, it asks you to grapple with Bears which are doing their best to bear down all national stock below par, and last, not least, it ardently desires that you will keep a special look out for the Rattlesnakes which adorn the flags of secession. So mote it be!

Improvement of Nassau Street.

"The perpetual jam of vehicles and foot passengers in Nassau street makes it, during the business hours of the day, a nuisance, as it, at present, is allowed to remain. We would suggest to our city authorities the expediency of flagging it from one side to the other, excluding carts, carriages and horses, and turning it into a promenade, similar to the courts which abound in the cities of London and Paris."—*Herald 29th.*

VANITY FAIR, as a cheaper and more thorough manner of improving Nassau street, suggests the removal of the *Herald* office.

A Hint to South Carolina—The Cause of the Oppressed.

Our fathers, declaring their independence, threw off the oppression of the mother country, and summed up their grievances as "Taxation without Representation." We suggest to the nascent revolutionists of the impatient republic of South Carolina, who seem to be in a dilemma as to the nature of their "cause," that they state it to the puzzled world as "Representation without Taxation."

A Short Ultimatum for Secessionists by a Doctor of the Laws.

General JACKSON's Latin Oration at Cambridge, when he received their Academic Honors, as reported by Major JACK DOWNING, viz:—"*E. Pluribus Unum. Sine qua non.*"

By Our Vulgar Contributor.

JONES.—I say BROWN, why is General SANDFORD the best man to get up a Draft in the State militia?

BROWN (disgustingly).—Because he is a Blower.

Conundrum by a Senator's Lady.

Why is the Union like a quince? Because it must be preserved.

How S. C. may surprise Major Anderson.

Treat him like a gentleman.

South Carolina Argument.

Purely Rhett-Orr-ical.

SPURIOUS DRUGS —CAUTION!

Vanity Fair.

SIR:—This is to caution the Publick against spewrious drugs sold everywhere by Hawkers, which they are many of them poizens. Self am Patentea of a Fructifire for the Hare, large loads of base imitations of which is now vended by unprincipal Charletons. Look out for them Charletons! My Hare stuff is the grice of a fur-clad animal, name of which kept secred. The grice pammed off by the Charletons is frecuently that of the "fretfull Porkyoupine." I send herewith a scech of a young man aflickted with that Counter Feet, supposing it to be my grice.

Try my Grice for the Hare. None genuine unless signed—

A. BLOBBS on the rapper.

PORTRAIT OF THE AFFLICTED INDIVIDUAL.

BLOOD-MONEY.

Mr. TENNYSON tells us that the "lust of gain in the spirit of CAIN" is worse than the horrors of war.

We agree with Mr. TENNYSON.

And we think that the most fearful, the bitterest, the most indelible sarcasm ever uttered at our Yankee "smartness" and cupidity, has just now been uttered, and by ourselves.

In a word, we have, with the utmost nonchalance, entered upon a brisk and thriving . . . and doubtless a remunerative . . . trade in muskets, sabres, cartridges, etc., to be used . . . O, monstrous conclusion! . . by the Southern disunionists against our fathers, our brothers, and our sons!

Arms incite to warfare.

He who bears a sword is prone to use it. If the South is filled with muskets and sabres, so much greater is the probability of war. But what matters that, if our Yankee smartness makes money out of the trade? After war is well inaugurated, and the blood of our near and dear relatives and friends (if anything save money can be near and dear to us!) is pouring plentifully from the wounds made by these sabres and muskets that we have made such a good thing of, let us invent some new turpentine-balls, some Greek fire, that cannot be quenched, and sell it to the enemy at fancy prices. Our hearth-stone may crack with the heat of our blazing roof-trees, but then, think what fortunes might be made! A neat and effective method of torturing women and children, without trouble or expense, would also be a good card, and ought to pay at least a hundred per cent. on investment. Awake, smart Yankee inventors, there is a smell of blood-money in the air! Why content yourselves with the vulgar shipping of vulgar arms? Cannot your genius aspire to loftier flights . . . and greater profits?

Fortunately, there is a high crime denominated *misprision of treason*, with a high penalty attached thereto, and this sending off of weapons to a rebellious people comes under that denomination. It chances sometimes, that our laws are enforced, and in this case, we hope to see many wholesome imprisonings, with hard labor and low diet, bestowed upon the few smart Yankees who are enterprising enough to barter their brothers' blood for gold, and to dabble in hideous carnage as one dabbles in stocks!

PECULATIVE CHIVALRY.

Shades of departed cucumbers! A portion of your coolness is yet vouchsafed unto us. ROBERT MACAIRE is nowhere: FLOYD—Fort Snelling, Willett's Point, New Bedford, Mule contract, DE GROOT swindle, Illegal acceptances, Stolen bonds, and General Gouging FLOYD—has spoken. In nearly every late fraud and swindle (not in every one, that would be impossible) he has been an aider and abettor—or rather, no better. Whatever cause it may suit him to assign for his desertion in the hour of discovery, it is VANITY FAIR'S decided belief that the real reason was T—reason. And now he has spoken! Several misguided persons gave a "splendid banquet" in Richmond, the other day, to the great pecu—and absquatulator, "in token of the high admiration in which the course of Gov. FLOYD is held in leaving the Cabinet." The chivalric peculator entertained the banqueters with a speech only three hours long, composed chiefly of the following pleasant features.

1st. Blackguardism.

2d. Blasphemy.

The peculator has turned pious, and after the example of his great Masters, quotes largely from the scriptures. An accurate computation enables us to state that the pious peculator's little speech contained among other beauties of diction, 17 "last drops of his blood," and 183 allusions to the Deity. Here is a specimen, quite at random, of the pious peculator's remarks:

"I said and felt it, and, as God is my judge, I would have given the blood of my life as soon as a chew of tobacco to a stranger in the wilderness, to make that good." (Tremendous applause.)

Classical mind, the pious peculator's, isn't it? Neat, but not the least gaudy. But the following, referring to the resignation of General CASS, a grand close of the long public life of a statesman and patriot, to whom he refers as that "glorious old premier," is yet greater and still less gaudy:

"Then gentlemen, I clapped my hands again. I was sorry to part from him, God knows, . . . but when he left I could not help cocking my eye and saying, 'God speed you old man to the North.' (Laughter and applause.)

"Laughter and applause!" How comic and appropriate!

How refreshing it is to think that we have had in the Cabinet of the United States, for nearly four years, the author of language so strikingly chaste and beautiful!

One word more, O Pious Peculator! and then we have done with you, for the present. We used to think that a person who would repeat a confidential conversation was No Gentleman. We take it all back; we sit corrected. You have shown us that to violate official confidence and private faith by publishing to the world, not only what was said in such conversations, but also what was Not said (we don't mean to say you fibbed; oh! dear, no) is entirely consistent with—chivalry! Some people won't seem to see it in that way, P. P., but then, you see, they don't know anything about chivalry? Go on, O Pious Peculator; tell us some more. Don't stop on our account, but go Right Ahead, even if honor and decency are Left Behind.

On the Gaff.

"The people of this city should be informed that there was no session of the Board of Aldermen on Monday because Ald. GENET, the President of the Board, with several of his colleagues, had gone to a cock-fight."—*N. Y. Tribune*, Jan. 23, 1861.

And that's just what they did. Ah—'twas a Nice Party—Sports and prize-fighters, councilmen, garroters, city dignitaries, burglars, aldermen, thieves and all that sort of people. Ten thousand dollars were up on this main; and the grand council of New York—of the city which is so uncommonly good that it imprisons and fines men for Sabbath breaking—suspended action in order that the thieves, aldermen, sports and prize-fighters might collogue together at a cock-fight!

We beg the Historian of the future who centuries hence will be turning over these volumes of VANITY FAIR for social pictures of the age, not to forget this pleasing and amusing incident. Should he wish to illustrate it, he will find many of the faces in that rare and antique work "Engravings of all the portraits formerly kept in the Rogue's Gallery. New York, A. D. 1964."

A Word for Brigham Young.

You cannot serve God and Mormon.

Salesman's Idea of Liberty.

Liberty of the Yard.

YE MERRIE ANDREW OF BOSTON AND HIS BLVNDERBVSS.

SHEWYNGE YE MANNERE IN WHYCHE HE DID PRESENTE YE PARKERIAN ARMYS, AFFECTYNGE YE AVDIENCE EVEN VNTO TEARES.

A New Ladder to Learning.

The Readers of VANITY FAIR have been told of Puritan GARDINER who proposes to combine the Bible with the Tread Mill.

Another philanthropic gaoler in England has devised a method of making the machine subservient to the purposes of education. His plan is to inscribe the letters of the alphabet upon the steps of the wheel, by each revolution of which the illiterate convict has the rudiments of learning, if not exactly at his fingers' ends, certainly at the tops of his toes. The combinations of the letters into words of one syllable or more are subsequently acquired, according as the convict has been sentenced for a shorter or longer Spell.

Preserves vs. Pickles.

In the intervals between frosts, it is common to hear the remark "What a pickle our streets are in!" Now to our way of thinking, the palpitating glow of mud to which Broadway is subject at such times, might better be compared to Currant Jelly than to any Pickle; particularly since FERNANDO WOOD has prohibited the use of salt as an ingredient in the Street Commissioner's Preserves.

To Our Short-Sighted Readers.

The best place to see small bills.
In the contribution-box.

A Broker's Duty.

Taking Notes.
And yet, "He takes no note on time—To save from loss."

Wanted—A Pair of very Old Ladies' Dresses.

For Capt. FOOTE of the Navy Yard, and SANFORD of the Militia.

Calf's Foote Jelly.

FOOTE's feat.

One of the "Hamlet Bells."

OPHELIA.

Strapping Fellows.

RAREY and his pupils.

The Best Bred Man in England.

The "Master of the Rolls."

The President of the United States. December, 1860.

ECC. XIC.

"Woe to that land whose ruler is a child."
Far more, where Age with wisdom's empty show,
When storming blasts of bold-voiced treason blow,
And loud rebellions waves are dashing wild,
Clings to the swaying helm with perveless hand,
Hugging a wretched mockery of command
Worthless, though peace through sky and ocean smiled.
When "horror of great darkness" clouds the land,
Must little souls in this our greatest need,
Sway with uncertain hand the pastoral rod,
Ungraced with foresight, boldness, loyal heed
To Truths' unclouded star, assume to lead
The state along her doubtful way untrod?
How long! Rise thou, and judge the earth, O God.

Don't seek it.

The bubble Reputation in BUCHANAN's mouth.

"This Gentle Concord in the World."

Ex-Pres. PIERCE has lately sold out all his bank and other stocks, taking the hard money and making a special deposit of it in the Concord bank.

There is no truth in the rumor that this was done through jealousy of EMERSON's Conduct of Life, for the philosopher has always been in Concord with the by no means purse-proud politician, and we all remember how our Ex-Pres. once gave assent to a——but

Hold, sir, there's my Purse.

Exchange in Sicily.

JAN. 5.—The shells thrown by the Sardinians at Gaeta, have penetrated to the room over that occupied by the King. His Ministers insist that he shall Change his Quarters.

JAN. 6.—The Sardinians have nobly offered to Change his Quarters and are still Shelling Out.

How to treat the Guns of Fort Sumpter when they become offensive to Secessionists.

Discharge them.

RICHELIEU,

ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.

RICHELIEU, (*his first appearance in the character,*) - - - - - - WINFIELD SCOTT.
KING LOUIS, (*his farewell engagement,*) - - - - - - - JAS. BUCHANAN.

RICHELIEU.—REMEMBER MY GRAND MAXIMS!—FIRST EMPLOY ALL METHODS TO CONCILIATE.
LOUIS.—FAILING THESE?
RICHELIEU.—ALL MEANS TO CRUSH!